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MONDAY, AUGUST 15, 1910.

## Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the city, either for a short or long stay—whether they go to mountain or seashore, or even across the sea—should not fail to order The Washington Herald sent to them by mail. It will come regularly, and the addresses will be changed as often as desired. It is the home news you will want while away from home. Telephone Main 3200, giving old and new address.

## NI BONVENAS VIN.

Al vi, sentuxlasuloj el multaj landoj kaj diversaj statoj kaj urboj, kiuj estas venintaj al la cheferbo de nia nacio por kunveni pro la esprimebla monda lingvo, Esperanto, la Washington Herald donas koran bonvenon.

Sen la dubo, via afero faris grandan progreson dum la lastaj jaroj, kaj ni rimarkas ke homoj de multaj lingvoj kaj nacioj deklaras ke per tiu internacia lingvo la tuta mondo estas unigita en pli bona amikeco—en "unu grandan rondon familian".

Se Esperanto efektive tiam, gi rajtigas alian ekaŭston, kaj vian fidon kaj kredon je la lingvo.

Efektive, ni atendas, por decidi nian opinion pri vi. Ni ne scias! Sed ni estas certaj ke vi kunvenas en nia urbo por pravi al la dubantoj; post viaj diskutadoj kaj paroladoj ni eble estos inter viaj konvertitoj.

Belaj urboj estas konstruitaj, kaj falintaj en ruinon, de post tiu tempo kiam la Turo de Babelo kaŭzis tiun konfuzon de lingvoj kiuj deklaras la homan frataron en diversajn naciojn.

Povas esti ke la tempo estas alveninta kiam, per la helpo de internacia lingvo, kiun la tuta mondo povas kompenti, la bariloj disfalas; kaj eble estos via glora privilegio, membro de la Esperantista Kongreso, esti ploniroj en movado kiu helpas al la homa raso.

Ni ghoje akceptas vin ke ni, en la plej bela normadertika urbo—en nia urbo, kaj en la urbo de la nacio. Nis gastameco estas senlima; niaj pordejoj estas malfermitaj por vi, kaj niaj mensoj estas pretaj por esti konvinkitaj.

Niaj noblaj konstruaĵoj vin inspiru! Niaj historiaj rememoroj vin tushu je la koro! Niaj herbe borditaj stratoj estu agrablaj al viaj piedoj! Nis samara chelo ridetu afable sur vi! Kaj ghera chu ni skribas en Esperanto an en la angla lingvo, la sento venas el la koro, dum ni diras al vi nian ulej koran bonvenon!

## Pie and Naval Education.

That excellent edifice, which has been so often celebrated in verse and song, has lately been a factor in official transaction. A senior midshipman, one about to be commissioned an officer in the navy, was placed in charge of one of the mess tables at the Naval Academy, his companions being midshipmen who recently entered the institution. The duty of the senior midshipman was to preserve order, furnish an example of correct deportment, and maintain discipline, in the system of inculcating obedience on the part of those under training for command in the navy. He conceived the rare jest—from his point of view of the jocoseness of instituting a pie-eating contest, in which he "ordered" his junior associates to engage. It is not made known in an authoritative way whether the conditions were acceptable or of the nature of a hardship, or whether the victory depended upon consumption of quantity or a record for alacrity. At all events, the superintendent of the Naval Academy recommended the young man for trial for hazing. The Navy Department refuses to regard the incident as of that highly culpable character, perhaps because both the Secretary of the Navy and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy are from New England, where indulgence in pie under any circumstances, enforced or competitive, may not be construed as calling for any form of disciplinary measure. Perhaps, too, the sanctity of the pie ought to be protected by official action, but much must necessarily depend upon the article itself—its composition and its culinary origin. The impartial view must regard the compulsory eating of some pies as a crime quite beyond the tame category of hazing.

But, seriously, why did the Navy Department pass over this case, which was regarded by the superintendent of the Naval Academy as justifying court-martial proceedings? Does it really matter in the departmental judgment whether

the occasion was made ridiculous by its association with pie? Did not the senior midshipman fail to perform his duty to his juniors by example and requirement when he instituted the pie-eating contest? The triviality of the occurrence is of less significance than the circumstance that a senior midshipman should make his juniors do something because he had the power and used it for his own amusement, and perhaps to their embarrassment. It would seem that the Navy Department could afford to support the head of the Naval Academy in his efforts to maintain discipline, and there must be anything but that result when there is disapproval of a recommendation for court-martial proceedings for hazing in an individual case. If the superintendent of the Naval Academy does not know hazing when he sees it or hears about it, and is on the ground, and it is not proper and safe to take his word for it, Naval Academy discipline might better be administered from Washington without aid from Annapolis.

## The Desire of the People.

It is plain, we think, that the strange changes that are coming over the political horizon are pre-eminently in response to the demand of public opinion. And it is equally true, perhaps, that since the growth of insurgency—which is not confined, as some would have us believe, to a section of the Republican party—public opinion has been finding more and more ways to make itself felt.

It is public opinion, back of the revolt of the insurgents, and aided by a Democratic minority, that has set the seal of fate upon Mr. Cannon's career as Speaker of the House of Representatives. It is the same thing in the case of Mr. Ballinger, who we are assured now is to resign from the Cabinet for the good of the party on September 15. We think that the question of Mr. Ballinger's retirement does not rest altogether on the question of his unfortunate mix-up over conservation matters, the dismissal of Mr. Pinchot, or even the rather grave charges brought against him in regard to Alaskan mineral claims. It is, indeed, highly probable that the Congressional committee which has been investigating Mr. Ballinger's conduct in office, and before, will return a report that shall acquit the Cabinet officer of any wrong-doing. It is also true, we believe, that other things being equal, President Taft would be glad to retain Mr. Ballinger in the public service. But for many causes Mr. Ballinger has become persona non grata to the American people, and the tide is strong enough to carry him back to his profession on the Pacific coast.

In the cases of Senators Aldrich and Hale, public opinion recognizes, we are sure, that the retirement of these men will be an intellectual loss to the Senate, and thus to the nation, and yet it is undeniable that they, together with several other of the conservatives, are out of touch with the times, and find it impossible, not to say undesirable, to keep up with the new spirit that is informing the government.

Nor do we think that these rather momentous changes that are taking place, or rather which are scheduled to take place, have much to do with party. It is true that the Republican party is no longer the Republican party of old, but if the spirit of progression has touched it, so, too, it has touched the vital principles of the Democratic party, and between the two parties to-day there are no hard and fast lines. The desire of the people is to achieve good government; honest, economical, and efficient government—government by the people, not by parties. They desire not to be ruled, but to be led, and progressively led.

## How the Indian Looks at It.

Being asked why he consented to pay 10 per cent commission for the collection of his claims against the government of the United States, a Choctaw witness said:

"My share of the money to be received for the lands will be about \$5,000. I would rather pay a 500 fee and get \$4,500 while I am alive than to wait until the government acts and get \$5,000 when I am dead."

Poor Lo has learned a thing or two in his dealings with the United States evidently. It may be that the knowledge acquired will not be of much practical service to him, but he has it, anyway. Lo wants to enjoy his money himself. He is not particularly interested in posterity getting it. The cost of living is going up all the while, and Lo wishes to buy a few blankets, some tobacco, and things for his own behoof and benefit, without especial reference to the Indians to come a hundred years or so hence. Lo has discovered that "Uncle Sam" is an adept at "standing off" the Indian. The Indian cannot walk up to the counting-room and get what is coming to him. He figures that it takes a lawyer, and a mighty persistent and bright one, at that, to get the coin of the realm out of "Uncle Sam's" strong box and into poor Lo's pocket, even if poor Lo is unquestionably entitled to it. This is not very creditable to the government of the United States. Lo's notion that \$4,500 in hand is worth \$5,000 in the bush seems pretty sound. Most people will think that a good deal less than \$4,500 in hand is better than \$5,000 in the bush. Ninety-nine persons in every hundred entertain the idea that it is more interesting to have money in hand or in bank than in process of collection.

Poor Lo will get all that is coming to him—perhaps if he waits. One can easily understand how he inclines to discount his paper now and then, nevertheless.

If he were a little better natured, Senator Heyburn would be one of the really first-class jokesmiths of the country.

It is going to be mighty interesting watching the G. O. P. getting its house in order. The G. O. P. has a fine reputation

for ability along that line, to be sure, but it has been many a day since its house was in as bad order as it is now.

A contemporary reminds us that there is no law compelling one to read "Little Joe" Brown's poetry. And if there were, it would be unconstitutional, on the ground that it prescribed cruel and inhuman punishment.

And now the sour milk treatment, which was all right in a century, has been pronounced dangerous by an eminent physician. Inevitably, of course, the doctors were bound to fall out about it.

"Did Washington swear?" inquires Harper's Weekly. Oh, presumably the general's collar button rolled under the bureau, sometimes, of course.

Gallagher now has excellent prospects of getting a government job that will hold him for a while, with board and lodging thrown in, moreover.

A New York woman complains that she found an iron spike in a loaf of bread her baker brought her recently. They are selling bread by weight in New York nowadays, you know.

The notion that an Indian is a legitimate object of plunder may be somewhat belated, of course, but it seems to be spreading, nevertheless.

Col. George Harvey's assignment to a conspicuous place in the Annapolis Club is getting him a fine line of advertising free of charge, anyway.

"Col. Roosevelt is going to study farming," says the Chicago Record-Herald. Can it be possible that the colonel does not know all about farming?

The South has 1,500,000 more acres planted to corn this year than it had last year. We do not believe all of that corn will be made into bread, either.

Mr. Rockefeller was fined \$8 the other day, and paid promptly. Perhaps if Judge Landis had made that famous \$25,000 fine a little more reasonable, the government might have collected it.

That Massachusetts minister who indorses baseball probably will have no particular difficulty lifting the church debt—if there is one on his church.

Senator Gore's willingness to talk right out loud in meeting, however, seems to be thoroughly approved throughout the United States.

Newspaper comment concerning Mr. Bryan's recent defeat in Nebraska has played out. If Mr. Bryan ever hopes again to get himself talked about very extensively, he will have to get elected to something.

The Alexandria Gazette says: "Mr. Roosevelt intends to take a more prominent part in politics." He cannot do that very well unless he undertakes to be the entire show.

Everybody should admit that the old notion of "dopple" the baby is all wrong. Even the babies would admit it, perhaps, if they could make themselves heard intelligently on the subject.

Every way out of the Spanish frying-pan seems to lead to the fire.

We are consoled by the thought, however, that crazy styles rarely last long. The "hobble skirt" will pass quickly, as did the little green hat with the feather stuck in it.

Gov. Patterson is reluctant to believe it, but we suspect he will have to, nevertheless.

## Woman Who Wouldn't Lie.

Rose Strinsky, in the Forum.

There is a woman of sixty-eight on her way to Siberia to-day. She is Katherine Breshkovsky, who had already served twenty-three years in Siberia and is now on the Great Siberian road again. Like Johnnie Armstrong, "she lay down to sleep a while and then rose to fight again."

Katherine Breshkovsky's trial, which took place a few weeks ago, was remarkable, not because of any inherent exceptional quality, but because of the fact that the whole world was interested. Viewed from the Russian standpoint, it was but a replica of what takes place all over Russia in thousands upon thousands of cases, day in and day out.

She was tried, together with Nicholas Tchakofsky, after having been kept in the Port of Peter and Paul for nearly two years. The exact indictment against either of them is not known, but when she was asked if she were a member of the Social Revolutionary Party she answered "Yes," but that her work was in no way connected with Tchakofsky's.

Thus he was acquitted. He chose to deny facts to the government, or the government, seeing that the eyes of the world were watching, wished to appear lenient and did not ask embarrassing questions. At any rate, Tchakofsky was freed. Katherine Breshkovsky would not be freed. She had, however, conceived a certain idea, compromise was impossible. The idea led her to the Great Siberian road.

## Out in the Hall.

From the Birmingham Age-Herald.

"It must be very romantic to propose to a girl in the shade of a sheltering palm."

"No doubt. Still, some very happy marriages have resulted from proposals in the shade of a ninety-eight cent hat-tree."

## THE GATE.

Once we turned from its beckon sweet,

Beads we counted and prayers we piled;

Strong of heart and with marching feet,

We drew dreams come true and a glorious feast.

To the sky and stars our voices cried,

And never a one dare say us nay!

What stars were false and the prophets lied;

Where is the gate to the Primrose Way?

Where are the comrades we used to greet

Over the bridge of the great divide?

The laughs they threw at our pilgrim feet,

The flowers they flung when we sought to cheat!

Staff and scrip have we the bridge

And over the night and across the day

We seek for the gate to the Primrose Way?

Does the archway lurk in some phantom street

Where fancies like knights in armor stride,

Where dreams come true and a glorious feast

Of ships come in with the sunset tide?

Is the valley's alley does it hide?

Wise folk, give us a kindly guide:

Send us a word as the Primrose Way?

Gallant sirrals and dames discreet,

You that with lutes in rose bowers bide,

Help us the fiddler's fate to cheat,

The red of the rainbow and the confound!

With tears we have sought it far and wide,

Tired and weary and lone we stray;

Alas we crave the good divide;

Where is the gate to the Primrose Way?

LENOVO.

Brave Prince Port, the guide!

Lead us to where the fountains play!

Leave us not sad, unsatisfied!

Where is the gate to the Primrose Way?

—Kate Masteron, in New York Sun.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ALL SORTS.

Chautauques draw some girls away, And August finds Such girls at places where they may Improve their minds.

But other girls make it their biz To go for rest To where the silly season is The silliest.

Nothing Serious.

"And did you meet your fate this summer?"

"No; I merely got engaged six or seven times."

The Usual Attractions.

"I spent my summer in the Yellowstone. The geysers are wonderful. It's a great resort."

"The Yellowstone may be wonderful, but it will never be a resort until they have a boardwalk and a geyser of orangeade."

Another Maxim.

The good loser is generally a poor provider.

As to Expenses.

Talk not of dresses lace-embossed Or jeweled collars; She has a coat of tan that cost Two hundred dollars.

There Are Others.

It's all right to get more than your share, but don't put your feet in the trough.

Quite a Boon.

"How do the young men of Plunkville regard the suffragette meetings?"

"With enthusiasm. It gives them another place to take the girls home from."

All the Ingredients.

"Will this sea salt give me a genuine ocean bath?"

"Not quite," answered the salesman. "To get that you will also need a package of our sterilized melon rinds."

## BLUECOATS' BUNGALOW.

Policemen of Coney Island Enjoy Luxuries of Wealthy.

From the New York Evening Telegram.

One of the reasons why policemen throughout the city are anxious this year to be detailed to the Coney Island precinct, and to become known as the bluecoats doing duty on the island, headed by Capt. Michael Galvin, who is in charge of the station, are enjoying all the comforts of the wealthy at small expense. They have established a bungalow colony over near Sea Gate, between Surf avenue and the ocean, and here they live a merry, care-free life when off duty. They can take a dip in the surf, which is at their front or back doors, whenever they so desire, without the formality of going to a bathing house and waiting in line for a room, and they enjoy the cooling breezes from the Atlantic just as much as the fashionable resorters at Newport, Bar Harbor, or Narragansett.

Few of the streets in the bungalow section are cut through, and the little wooden "shacks," or tents, are erected here and there, without any semblance of just, as the fancy of the owner dictates. Some of the bungalows are quite large, and accommodate several families. Numbers of bachelor policemen room together in one big bungalow, while others who have families occupy separate bungalows or tents.

One of the nabobs of the colony is Capt. Galvin. His bungalow is more pretentious than the others, and contains as many rooms as some city apartments. It is freshly painted and looks neat and well-kept from the outside. The front of the bungalow faces on the ocean and is so close to the water that at high tide the sea comes up to the front door. There is a flight of wooden steps leading up to the door, and these steps are covered at flood tide. Ingress and egress is then made through a rear door.

There were many policemen desirous of living near the seashore, but they felt that they could not bear the expense of a bungalow. They decided to chip in and rent suitable places, where numbers of them could be accommodated, on the community plan. This was done, and now there are several big bungalows, that house from six to a dozen bluecoats. There is a cook and a maid of all work in each bungalow, and these two servants look after the wants of all the dwellers.

## The Conductor's Troubles.

From the Youngstown Telegram.

When a South Side street car stopped at Basin street Wednesday evening a woman and a girl got aboard. When the car reached Franklin street the conductor came to collect the fares.

"We haven't any tickets," exclaimed the woman.

"But I must have tickets or fares," the conductor said.

"Well, we haven't either. What are you going to do about it?" snapped the woman.

After a moment's reflection the conductor answered:

"Well, I don't see what I can do. But the next time you get on a street car you be sure you have your fares."

"Ha!" exclaimed the woman. "Don't you dare talk that way to me. I have your number and I am going to report you to the company."

As the conductor stood in the front air on the back platform he exclaimed to the grinning crowd:

"Well! what do you think of that?"

## Two Kinds of Chicken.

From the New York Mail.

Having had rich chicken right from the coop in the country five days within a fortnight, the writer of these lines here highly resolves never to buy chicken in this city for his own table, and never to order it at a restaurant. Why?

To the sky and stars our voices cried, And never a one dare say us nay! What stars were false and the prophets lied; Where is the gate to the Primrose Way?

Where are the comrades we used to greet Over the bridge of the great divide? The laughs they threw at our pilgrim feet, The flowers they flung when we sought to cheat! Staff and scrip have we the bridge And over the night and across the day We seek for the gate to the Primrose Way?

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LENOVO.

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—Kate Masteron, in New York Sun.

I think that Lawyer Briefly is the meanest man on this earth," declared Miss Parness. "The other day when I testified in that divorce suit he asked me what year I was born in, and when I told him '73, he asked if I meant B. C. or A. D."

## DAILY BOOK REVIEW

## ISRAEL'S PROPHETS.

Perhaps no man living is doing more to promote the intelligent and profitable study of the Bible than Charles F. Kent, professor of Biblical literature in Yale University. His series of volumes, entitled "The Historical Bible," are classics of their kind, and his latest study of "The Sermons, Epistles, and Apocalypses of Israel's Prophets" is a masterpiece of scholarly industry and taste. It covers the difficult and involved period from the beginning of the Assyrian supremacy to the end of the Maccabean struggle; and the flaming visions of those heavenly-entranced poets and seers are fitted into the history which they illumined. Maps, charts, and instructive notes inform the reader at every turn, while the text itself, printed in true poetic form, is made resplendent.

These memorable prophetic figures, whose hearts were touched of God, rise up and utter their burning messages not only to the men of their own day, but equally to the men of our age; for, while they were timely preachers, they were also timeless in their exaltation of the sovereign authority of the moral law. Such books as this bespeak a new era in the loving study of the Bible. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

## "MY HEART AND STEPHANIE."

"My Heart and Stephanie" is a rapid-fire detective story, by Reginald W. Kauffman. One would think that every conceivable plot had been used for the making of detective stories, but not so. In this one the writer has used two novelties; his chief detective is a woman, and the murdered man is none other than the unhappy Rudolf of Austria, hitherto supposed to have died in the hunting lodge at Mayerling. Stephanie is a mysterious countess, mixed somewhat incoherently with the story, with whom the heart of the teller becomes entangled, and after a wild chase across the Atlantic and two continents by two detectives the mystery is solved, and the story leaves with a promise that my heart and Stephanie are about to form a permanent partnership. In spite of the two novelties of plot mentioned, the reader can remember a great many detective stories of greater interest than this one. (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.)

## KNIGHTS OF THE SWAN.

"The Two Knights of the Swan," by Robert Jaffray, is a critical study of the legend of the Swan-Knight which has played so important a part in European literature, music, and painting. The present book deals particularly with the two most important developments of this legend, in which the Swan-Knight was called Lohegrin and Helyas, respectively. The book, which is very well done, is rather for the student and scholar than for the general reader of folklore. (New York: J. P. Putnam's Sons.)

## Faithfulness of Women.

I tell you that women, as a rule, are more faithful than men—ten times more faithful. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she was wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back her corpse to his arms, but I have seen a woman with her white arms lifted in prayer from the mire of degradation and hold him to her bosom as if he were an angel.

## Went Up in the Air.

From the Boston Transcript.

Customer—Have you any fly paper?

Clerk—Yes, sir. Will you have the Aeroplane Journal or the Aviator's Gazette?

## Further Proof.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.